

The Night before LARRY was stretch'd.

Sold by J. EVANS, No. 41, Long-lane.

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,
The boys they all paid him a visit,
And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd,
They sweated their duds till they riz it;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,
But he'd fence all the tods that he had,
'To help his poor friend to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

I'm sorry now, Larry, says I,
To see you in this situation,
'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
I'd rather it had been my own station;
Och honey, 'tis all over, says he,
For the neck-weed I'm forc'd to put on,
So by this time to-morrow you'll see,
Your Larry will be dead as mutton,
Bekays why, my courage was good.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him,
Nine glims round his trap-case they plac'd,
He could not be wak'd well without them;
I ax'd if he was fit for to die,
Without having first duly repented?
Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
'Tis only by gownsmen invented,
To get a fat bit for demselves.

The broads being call'd for, they play'd,
Till Larry found one of them cheated,
A dart at his napper he made,
(The lad being easily heated)
He said, by the holy, you teef,
I'll splinter your skull with my daddle,
You cheat me bekays I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil,
Larry tipt him a Kilmainham look,
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil;
Then rising a little his head,
And taking a drop of the bottle,
He, sighing most heavily said,
O the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And jam my wind-pipe to death.

So mournful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower,
For my part I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower;
On his travels I watch'd him next day,
O Jack Ketch, I thought I should kill him,
Not one word poor Larry did say,
Nor chang'd till he came to King William,
O then his colour began to grow white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler mov'd off from his feet,
So he dy'd with his face to the city;
He kick'd too. but that was all pride